The FOOL-KILLER

Vol. XIV. Boomer, North Carolina, September, 1928. No. 7.

LOT'S WIFE

The Old Man Lot had a house and lot
On Sodom's Great White Way;
He paid no rent; he was content;
But he wasn't allowed to stay.
Old Sodom Town must be burned down,
For that was God's decree;
And God told Lot that he must trot,
And he mustn't look back to see.

"Take child and wife and run for life
To save your family's blood;
For I'll rain down upon that town
A fire-and-brimstone flood."
Then Old Man Lot, he tarried not,
But made great haste to flee;
And as he fled, looked straight ahead,
And he didn't look back to see.

But Mistress Lot, it seems, was not
As good as her old man;
So as she fled she turned her head,
And looked back as she ran.
Her race was o'er—she moved no more;
She was no longer free;
With sudden halt she turned to salt
When she looked back to see.

But all the rest right onward pressed,
Obeying God's command;
With firm intent their thoughts were bent
On reaching a safer land.
No backward glance, by any chance,
To tell them what might be;
'Twas all her fault she turned to salt,
And they didn't look back to see.

The Old Man Lot and his daughters got
To a cave in the mountain wall;
But the lady fair, she was not there,
And she never did come at all.
It was her fault she turned to salt,
But here's what puzzles me:
How did they know that it was so
If they didn't look back to see?

—James Larkin Pearson.

Making a ticket out of a Northern Catholic wet and a Southern Protestant dry, is sorter like hitching up an angel and a devil to a fiery chariot to haul water to put out hell.

The few die-hard Democrats who are supporting Alcohol Smith are doing it in a sort of shame-faced, apologetic manner, sorter like the feller who has a mess of crow to eat and must eat it, but who wishes the whole thing was at the devil.

"And The Cat Came Back"

Dear Subscribers and Club-Raisers:

I know you have been wondering what has become of The Fool-Killer. I have been wanting to let you know, but couldn't—until now. Many of you have written letters of inquiry. Some of these were answered, and some, I fear, were not.

Well, anyhow, here's the answer to all your questions. The Fool-Killer has just been "out of business" for the past two years. It became necessary for it to take a vacation, and since August, 1926, no Fool-Killer has been sent out—until now.

For several years prior to August, 1926, I had been trying to publish the paper under the most adverse conditions that you could imagine. Several times I gave it up and thought I couldn't possibly go any further. Then I would pick up new courage and try it again.

I hammered along that way for several years, until finally it came to the place where I just had to give it up. Sickness and other family troubles were pressing me so hard that I couldn't give attention to business, and the paper was forced to suspend for awhile. That was in August, 1926. But all the while since I have been planning to start up again soon as possible. Was just waiting to get in better shape, so that I could certainly go ahead without any more interruptions. Well, I feel pretty sure that time has now come. I've got everything lined up pretty well, and in some respects am in better shape for running the paper than ever before.

In the matter of literary contents I shall try to make The Fool-Killer pretty much like it used to be at its best—only better. My same old gab-trap is in pretty good working order most of the time, and I can promise you a line of "chin-music" that just can't be beat anywhere in the world.

Many years ago The Fool-Killer got the reputation of being a "funny paper," and that reputation has clung to it ever since, regardless of all efforts to be serious. When I started the fool thing more than 18 years ago it was not my intention to stress the funny side of things. My main purpose in the beginning was to hammer the truth into the wooden-headed natives with just any sort of a club I could get hold of. Well, by some means—and it may have been pure accident—I got to using a sort of droll, home-made manner of speech that nobody ever had seen in print before. It was the common backwoods vocabulary of my boyhood days, and it seemed just as natural to me as corn bread, and I didn't realize how funny it would look in print. I just started using that vocabulary because it was lying there handy and easy to get hold of, while the big store-bought words had to be dug out of the dictionary and fitted together like making apple-pie.

Well sarn-taked if that fool backwoodsy talk didn't simply "fetch the house down," as the saying is, and I soon found out that I had tapped a gold mine. I had hit upon something that tickled the folks and they wanted more of it. And so I kept on feeding it to them in monthly doses for 16 years, while they flocked around me like a million young chickens around a pile of cracked wheat.

And now here I am again, with a brand-new supply of the same old reliable chin-music, and I want everybody who ever did read The Fool-Killer to come back and bring all their neighbors and friends with them. Whoop! Here we go!

How many politics does it take to make a dozen?

IMPROVE YOURSELF, MISTER MAN

In Southern California they are growing strawberries two inches long and about the same distance through. As big as apples, if you please. And these berries have been bred up from the little old wild strawberries about the size of a shoe-button. If they can be improved that much they can be improved still more. Some of these days we will have strawberries as big as pumpkins, and pumpkins as big as a haystack. Same way with peaches. We now have big juicy peaches that will hardly go in a quart cup, and the daddy of these peaches was the little old scrub peach of fifty years ago. It never got much bigger than your thumb. If the peach can improve that much it can keep right on improving, and there is no earthly reason why we can't hope to have, in the near future, peaches as big as a man's head.

In many other lines it is the same. Wise and careful breeding has opened up a new world of possibilities in the production of fruits, vegetables, grains and live stock. Another fifty years will make possible such an abundance of food products as Egypt never dreamed of. And all this has been accomplished by evolution, if you want to call it that, governed by man's directing brain.

The only ugly fly in the ointment is this: man seems able to improve everything but himself. He allows his own race to drag on in the old rut, producing pin-headed scrubs by the million, and if an improved and civilized specimen does now and then appear, he puts it in jail, starves it to death, or otherwise gets rid of it. The few examples of real men and women who do survive must do it in the face of constant persecution. Not until man learns how to improve himself will he be able to really benefit by the other improved things.

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Literary Mustard-Plaster to Draw Blisters on Society, Church and State

Published Monthly at
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Single Subscription One Year 25c
In Clubs of 5 or More 15c

Application pending for entry as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I nave read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will make the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

PARAGRAPHS.

Now we are ready to go. Come along and go with us.

The man who wakes up to find himself famous hasn't been asleep.

The Boulder Dam controversy seems to be getting bolder and dammer.

How about that big bull-necked army that the Nicaraguan govermnent has sent up here to run our election for us next fall? Don't that beat ye?

You can't make a pot boil unless you have some "wetness" about it. Maybe Al-cohol Smith put wetness into the campaign so the political pot could boil.

IDIOTORIALS

I can't tell whether politics is, or whether politics are? Can you?

The Big Boss of Tammany Hall is a sort of American Pope of Rome.

Don't call it the Protestant South any more—not if it votes for the Pope's candidate.

Talk all you please, but be very careful that you don't say anything.

Mr. Hoover has been a life-long Republican for nearly eight years.

A philanthropist is a man who steals a million dollars and gives a hundred dollars of it back.

A mule is dangerous enough, but a tiger is still worse. What farmer wants to plow a tiger?

At the present rate of increase, it is believed that there will soon be as many cars as there are filling stations.

An Asheville, N. C., baby has been named Al. Poor little brat! That's sorter like tying a stick of dynamite to a dog's tail.

It is said that if Raskob can deliver to Smith the vote of all the millionaires he has made, it will help some.

A fashion note says that a new kind of ornament is to be worn on the ankles. Ankle, nuthin. Who ever looks at an ankle these days?

Democrats all,
Both great and small,
Are riding to a fall
With Tammany Hall.

Tokyo is amazed at the anti-Jap feeling in China. If your door-mat rares up and bites you on the ankle, you'll know how it is.

And a great many Democrats also seem to think that their party needs the services of a Hoover Cleaner.

If there is some way to prohibit Democrats from voting the Republican ticket, Alcohol Smith will be in favor of that sort of prohibition.

Because Hoover was able to manage the bread line in Belgium, the Republicans thought he would be a good hand to distribute the political pie.

If Hoover gets in he will give us just about the same sort of hell we have been getting. If Smith gets in he will give us still more hell and still wusser hell than ever. How much hell do you want, mister?

In spite of the hard times and the great amount of unemployment in the country, that Lindbergh boy was able to get a job. Wonder who recommended him?

The Republican party admits that it needs cleaning, and for this purpose it has decided to try a Hoover Cleaner.

A crowd of women with just about enough clothes on to dress a snow-bird will have a jeeminy-fit if a man comes into the company with his coat off.

Dr. A. J. Barton says the wet candidate will be smitten hip and high. Yes, that's the place to smite 'im. The hip is where they usually carry it.

It may be that the women haven't got more backbone than the men, but they certainly do show more of it. This is a joke. Please laugh.

The Republicans say they are going to pour all the booze into the river, and then it will be in order for both parties to join in that old familiar hymn, "Let Us Gather at the River."

A German lecturer says this country has petticoat government. Shucks in August, there ain't enough petticoats in this country to govern a Sunday School picnic.

One of the latest new cars to be put on the market is called the "Whippet." Bad name. I ain't buyin' me nary Whippet. I prefer a car that will go without whipping.

If Bryan was living today, would he be out sawing the air in behalf of Alcohol Smith? Hush up! The very suggestion of such a thing is liable to make Bryan rise from his grave to say "NO!"

The politicians have got to be "regular" and support their party's nominee, no matter if that nominee is the devil himself. Hanged if I wouldn't hate to be so tied up to any doggon party Well, I just wouldn't. That's me.

It is a well-known fact that the mule is a farm animal; but even at that, the Democrats had a hard enough time trying to make the farmers love the Democratic mule. And I don't see what thy expect to gain by swapping the old mule for a Tammany Tiger.

I see in the papers that Horace Liveright, the New York publisher, is being sued for divorce by his legal spouse, the charge being that Horace has been billing and cooing around too much with some other calico-rack. It seems, then, that Liveright has not been living right.

HE WANTS TO BE GOD

Dr. Frank Crane, the famous "lay editor," has had another one of his spells. If you are acquainted with Frank you know he is always and forever having spells. Well, he has gone and writ a piece for the paper, and the piece is headed, "If I Were God," and the Rev. Frank goes on to tell at some length what he would do if he were God. Among other things, he would abolish war, decree universal peace, do away with poverty, sickness and suffering, and establish a system of society which would be just and fair and satisfactory to every man, woman and child in the world. He would not only make it possible for us to PURSUE life, liberty and happiness, but to actually GET them. He would arrange it so that those who did the work of the world would get the full benefit of their labor, and he would not allow any able-bodied person to be an idler or a drone, living on the labor of others.

Hold on there, Frank! What sort of wild-eyed Socialism is it that you are talking? Why, bless goodness, those things that you would do if you were God are the very identical things that the fool Socialists are always yow-yowing about. Wouldn't you be a purty-looking little Socialist God if you had the chance? Just let you climb up into the skies and get hold of the levers and gee-strings of the universe and you would do mighty wonders.

But just because you are a mere man, and not God, it has never occurred to you that you might do a man's part toward getting these much-needed improvements. Because you are only a man, you think you must stand in with Big Ikes of Big Biz, Big Church and Big Politics and fight against every move that the durn Socialists make to better the condition of the world. I say, Frank, it is a devil of a pity that you ain't God.

WANTED—YOUR LOCAL PAPER

It makes no difference where you live—North, South, East or West—The Fool-Killer would like to get in touch with your local county paper. Please hunt up the latest copy of your local paper which you have finished reading and mail it to The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C. It will be very useful to us in reaching the people of your community with The Fool-Kilier. Thank you.

And then if you will see your local editor and ask him to put The Fool-Killer on his exchange list, we'll thank you some more.

THE SOLID SOUTH

Will Smith carry the Solid South in November? The chances, of course, are more or less in favor of his doing so, but there is also a great big chance that he may not. This is one time when several of the Southern States can very properly be put in the doubtful column. To say that they are doubtful is not to say that Hoover will carry them. It only means that he MIGHT.

The very fact that the question is being so often asked these days is proof that some unusual condition exists. Heretofore such a question has not even been asked. There was no chance for it to be asked. In previous campaigns it has been taken for granted by all parties that the Solid South would remain solid for Democracy. And the Democrats have always felt so sure of the South that they have never needed to exert themselves. They have always felt that they could lie down and to go sleep if they wanted to, and still the South would be their meat. And it would—in other years. It always has.

But this time the situation is decidedly different. The Smith leaders are wide awake to the fact that something is wrong in their party. They can't fail to see the widespread dissatisfaction over Smith among people who have always been Democrats, and it is an open secret that thousands of Democrats in every Southern community are going over to Hoover. Such a condition can neither be ignored nor laughed down.

And so we observe all over the South an unusual activity among Smith leaders. Their "claiming" department is working overtime, whereas it never had to work at all before. They never needed to "claim" that they would carry the Solid South. We all knew it.

But now the party spell-binders and the party editors are whistling to keep up their courage. They are telling themselves that there is no danger, but at the same time they are kicking up a mighty big dust trying to hold the stampeding Democrats in line. They are begging, pleading, promising and threatening all sorts of things. In the language of the Mobile Register, they are "urging loyalty to the Democratic ticket from top to bottom."

Why the "urging" if there is no danger? Why the begging and the pleading?

The answer is plain enough. They are scared as bad as a jack rabbit with forty hounds after it. And well they may be.

Yes, honey, your friend Alcohol Smith MAY carry the Solid South in the November election, and I suppose the chances are a little more than fifty-fifty that he will. But this much can be said, anyhow—it isn't the cut-and-dried "sure thing" that it has been in other years. The boys are scared.

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL KILLER, BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

A GROANING TABLE

That's Usually What Makes the Groaning Boarder

Aside from the bunkocratic foolosity of their politics and religion, one of the chiefest ways in which people act the fool is in their eating. People will habitually stuff their long-suffering bellies with a dozen different kinds of mixed-up messes that no animal would touch, and then they wonder why they are always getting sick.

I know of families that have a "groaning table" every day, and the term is appropriate in more ways than one. People who eat at a "groaning table" soon take up the table's habit and do a lot of groaning themselves. Hardly a day passes that some member of such a family isn't on the groaning list. But they haven't got sense enough to see that the "groaning table" is the cause of it all.

It would have to be a cast-iron and copper-lined belly that could take in at one mess great loads of white bread, coffee, milk, fried hog, hog grease, beef, beef gravy, chicken, chicken soup, potatoes, beans, onions, rice pudding, eggs, jelly, preserves, four kinds of pie, salt, pepper, spice, pickles, mustard, poundcake and icecream.

If you want to see what your stomach has to endure, just take all the above "good things" and pour them together in a big bowl and stir them up with a spoon. Whew! The devil couldn't eat it.

But you eat all those things right along every day—if you can get them—and just because you shovel in one kind at a time you don't realize that they are all being mixed in your stomach.

Ben Franklin used to be a great hand to make wise proverbs, but here is a good one that he didn't think about ,and I am glad that he didn't, for now I can claim the authorship of it myself. Here is my new proverb. Write it in big letters and tack it up in your dining room:

"A groaning table makes a groaning boarder."

LOST—ONE HERO

I am in trouble again. Seems like I am always getting into trouble of one kind or another. This time it was all the result of my undertaking to write a story.

Now story-writing has never been exactly in my line. But having successfully failed at everything else, it seemed only natural to suppose that I must be a mute, inglorious Hawthorne, or at least a second Mark Twain, only waiting to be discovered.

Some very successful story writers go ahead and construct a plot first, and then create characters to fit the plot. Others evolve the characters first and then weave the plot around them, sorter like sowing turnip seed around a stump.

Anyway, I had sense enough to know that a story must have a hero, a villain, and a fair Lady Love with false teeth and freckles and a rich old bachelor uncle out about Seattle, Washington.

"Come here, Ezekiel Humperdink," sez I, speaking in my most commanding tone of voice.

"Whadya want?" sez Zeke from the other side of existence, at the same time poking his head around the corner of eternity.

"Oh, I want you to be the hero of my story," sez I.

"What story?" continues Zeke, opening the door of the future and stepping out into full view. "What story?" he repeated. "I didn't know you had ary story."

"I ain't," sez I, in my most literary manner, "but I am going to have one pretty soon if you will just obey my orders and be the kind of a hero I want."

Zeke sorter hesitated, and his gaze wandered off toward Never Was, and then slowly shifted around to Never Will Be.

"I dunno about that," sez he very slowly. "I know what you are up to," he went on. "You want to get me into a scrape. You want me to get mixed up with some of them-thar women, and have ambitions and adventures and a mother-in-law and seventeen children. You expect me to work about twenty hours a day unloading cow feed in a grocery store or loading coal under a mountain. You want me to just be a cog in civilization's wheel and grind right on with no regard for my own feelings in the matter. Now suppose I don't want that gal you have picked out for me. I saw her yesterday over in the southwest corner of next April. She was dressed in about two yards of imagination cut slonchways and trimmed with question marks. Her nose didn't fit her face and her eyes were not mates. And you want me to run after that thing, and then spend the rest of my life regretting it. Not me. No, sir. I am very well fixed as I am, and it will take more imagination than you've got to get me into that scrape. You just as well put in a want-ad for some other man to be your hero, for I am not going to be the victim."

And with that long speech ended, Zeke turned on his heel and jumpd head foremost into the future, and that is the last I have seen of him.

And now here I am with my story started and my hero gone. Don't it beat bobtail? I didn't know characters in a story could do like that. What do you reckon I better do about Zeke?

THE BEST CARTOON

About the best Hoover-Smith cartoon I have seen is in The New Leader, a New York Socialist paper. It shows Hoover and Smith as two little boys about to retire for the night—both in the same bed—the bed being labelled, "The Same Old Bunk." But Herb and Al are shown straddled over the bed in their shirt-tails, each with a pillow in his hand—both pillows just alike—and they are having a terrible battle with the deadly pillows. It looks dangerous indeed. And while this fight goes on, Mamma Big Business, very grand looking, is standing by with a lighted candle in her hand, and she is saying, in her motherly way: "Now, dearies, don't get rough."

A news item says that during the past six months Europe has borrowed one billion and fifty-three million dollars from us. From US? Who in thunder is US? Say, Rube, how many millions have YOU loaned to Old Lady Europe? Durned old beggar has slighted me—she ain't never come here to borrow a cent.

One night not long ago, in a certain town in Kentucky, the electric chair was scheduled to fry the grease out of seven poor devils—four whites and three blacks. As usual, the whites were waited on first, which was in keeping with good Southern manners. Looks like they ought to have had a Jim-Crow chair for the sons of Ham. But maybe they figgered that there wouldn't be any Jim-Crow department in hell.

Al Is Surprised

BUT SAYS HE WILL RUN

His Speech of Acceptance Translated Into Fool-Killer Talk.

My dear Fellow Cathocrats and Members of the Notification Committee:

This is so suddent, as the gal said. But the gal accepted so quick it made the feller's head swim, and so do I. Will I run for president of these Benited States on the Cathocratic ticket, with one foot on a dry plank and the other on a wet telegram, and General Motors to pull me out if I get stuck? Well, you just watch me and see.

And now, without any joking do you really mean it, boys? Do you mean to say that I was nominated at Houston, Texas, away back in June? Well, what do you know about that? And why didn't somebody let me know about it sooner? Didn't you know that I would be anxious to hear about it? Here I've been a candidate for president for nearly two months before I found it out. Just think of the pleasure I have lost by not knowing. I've a great mind to sue you all for damages. Now please pass the jug of moonshine. And the holy water. Amen.

Boys, I am greatly surprised at this news which you have brought, but I was sorter expecting to be surprised, and so I got ready for it. A surprise like this isn't quite so much of a shock when you are expecting to be surprised.

What will I do when I get to be president. Gosh, that's easy. I'll do just like all the other great presidents have done before me—I'll do just what I'm told to do. The bosses will always see to that. My Big Boss lives in Rome, but he's got lots of sub-bosses here in America, including the late Republican financial head of General Motors, who has now been a life-long Democrat for nearly a month. Please pass the jug of moonshine again. And the holy water. Gug-gug-gug! Amen!

I see in the papers that I am expected to give prohibition a black eye if I get in. I am expected to repeal the 18th Amendment, and soak the Volstead law on the snoot, and fix it so all you fellers can get a dram just any time you want it. Well, of course, that's what our crowd would like to see, but we must be very careful about who hears us give utterance to such desires. When we talk for the other side to hear, we must always stress the thought that a wet president could not change the prohibition law even if he wanted to. We must remind them that Congress alone can do that. But when we are talking to the wets and those inclined toward wetness, we must encourage them to believe that a wet president COULD make the dram easier to get. Of course, you Cathocrats who are working for me believe that to be true. Why would you be so eager to see me elected if you didn't think I could help you any about getting your dram? Let's have another snort out of that jug.

Then again, most of you are simmers, but you don't like the idea of going to the orthodox hell and roasting there through endless eternity. I'm sure you would welcome some arrangement that would allow you to sin all you pleased, and then pay a few dollars and get forgiveness once a week. That's the way we do it under Roman Catholic rule, and whenever the Pope becomes temporal ruler of America you can all drink, lie, steal and be unclean to your heart's content, and then the Pope and the priests can make you white as snow in a few minutes—if you'll dig up the cash to pay 'em.

Now, boys, there is no time to lose. We must make every minute count from now until election day. Go out and tell the farmers and the poor laboring people how we love them, and how we are going to make flitter trees grow in every man's yard and the rivers all run molasses. Also beer and light wines and old corn juice. Pass that jug of moonshine again. Amen.

JUST LIVING ON HIS REP

Do you ever read Arthur Brisbrane's syndicated column of notes and paragraphs in the newspapers? Well, it's worth reading, and yet it ain't such great stuff as you might expect—coming from the highest paid editor in the world. It's mostly just common small-talk about the happenings of the day, and there's hardly ever a thought in it that couldn't have been thunk up by the average school boy.

I'll bet a dollar if the papers would some day leave out Arthur's high-priced wise-cracks and substitute an equal amount of my chin-music under the same head with Arthur's name to it—I'll bet, by grannies, the readers would never know the difference. Or if they did notice any difference at all, they would just think Brisbane was doing better than usual. Give a man a big name and a high salary, and blamed if he can't get away with just about anything. If the papers will pay me one-half of what they pay Brisbane, I'll take his job and beat him. And I don't mean maybe.

UNCLE SAM TO CHINA

Miss Pigtail China,
Somewhere East of Suez.
Dear Old Pigtail:

Howdy. This is me. I am your Uncle Sam, of the well-known U. S. A. In one sense of the word, you are a good deal older than I am, but as a republic you are younger, and therefore I am your Uncle Sam.

Well, China, I want to come in and poke my feet under your table and feed my face with your chopsticks and talk business over the teacups for an hour or so. Do you savvy?

Permit me to inform you, my dear Miss China, that I have decided to "recognize" you among the family of nations. I didn't think I would ever do it, because I don't like the way you have been flirting with them-thar Bolsheviks; but you are putting up such a show of strength that I guess I'd better. Just between you and me, I know you are a regular old Bolshevik yourself and not fit for a decent plute nation to associate with; but, blame-take it, I've got to swallow my pride and pretend that I love you to beat the dickens. I've got to pretend that you are entirely respectable, and I mustn't say a word in public about you being a Bolshevik. I am saying it here privately, of course, but we mustn't let anybody else know about it. It would be just awful if The Fool-Killer was to get hold of this. That paper is always letting the cat out of the bag. It beats any paper I ever saw. Say, China, do you read The Fool-Killer?

If you remember, it was about sixteen years ago that I first "recognized" you, after you pulled off your royal duds and blossomed out as a republic. I was the first great nation to step up and shake your paw on that occasion, and I want to be the first to do it this time.

But please, Miss Pigtail, don't let anybody know that you are a Bolshevik, because it would certainly cook my goose if the other plute nations found out that I had been making goo-goo eyes at one of Russia's parlor pinks.

That doggon Russia has been a thorn in my side and a boil on my neck and a briar in my big toe for more than ten years now. I got started wrong with it and never have been able to get right. At first, I thought it would last about a week and that it wasn't worth while to "recognize" it. The New York Times told me every morning that Bolshevik Russia would fall next week. Finally it got to be next month, and then next year; and then The Times had to give up and confess that the durn Bolsheviks were liable to hold out a good long while. They were stronger than anybody supposed. But I had started out by refusing to "recognize," and I had to keep up the bluff. It has just about run me crazy at times, and it has made me the laughing-stock of the world. All the other important nations have recognized Russia long ago, but I am like the feller who had the bull by the tail and couldn't turn loose.

After it became evident that the Bolsheviks were going to stay on the job, my Big Business friends wanted to trade with them, and I can't argue against money worth a cent. So I have had to let my friends trade privately with Russia, while I kept up the bluff of squinting through my closed lids and refusing to see any government there.

But, my dear Pigtail, I don't want to make that mistake with you. You look a heap stronger than Russia did ten years ago, and you may be good for a whole lot of "business" for my plute friends if I'll be careful and not spill the beans. So I put on my rose-colored spex and I can plainly see that you have got a government. Yes, I "recognize" you all right. Now kiss me. Smack! Smack!

Your dear friend,
UNCLE SAM.

NOW I GUESS YOU KNOW

There has been a great deal of hip-hip-hurrawing and throwing up hats in honor of two Tallies who recently flew from Rome, Italy, to Brazil, South America, a distance of 4,600 miles.

But, Great Granny Grunt! That ain't nothin'. When you stop to figger it out, that flying stunt ain't half as wonderful as it looks like. Now just keep yer lip shet a minute and I'll tell ye all about it.

First, we must take into consideration that them two Tallies started out with their noses pointed toward the West, or at least, toward the South-west, and then we must remember them Jografy lessons that we used to wrastle with in our school days. We were taught that the earth revolves toward the east at the rate of one thousand miles per hour.

Well, then, it looks like them fellers didn't go forward any at all. They just went up into the air, and wobbled off south a little piece, and waited for Brazil to come along. That's the way to figger it out, and there ain't no mystery about it. Don't you wish you had a great mathematical brain like mine?

It is doggon lucky for the politicians that the fool voters can't remember from one election to the next.

Vol. XIV. Boomer, North Carolina, October, 1928. No. 8.

HARDWARE

Away with Thought and all its fruits!
No room for thinker or for sage!
The smooth "go-getter" only suits
This cold, hard driving business age.

No Milton gets a hearing now;
No Emerson can win our thanks;
The only script that we allow
Is something good at all the banks.

No modern Webster holds a crowd;
No modern Clay can cause a thrill—
Unless his voice jingles loud
Like dropping silver in a till.

God give us men whose bones consist
Of standard automobile parts!
Whose brains are on the hardware list,
Who have cash-registers for hearts!

—James Larkin Pearson.

SOFT SOAP

From The National Farm News, Washington, Do-you-C., I learn that the farmers are going to have everything coming their way pretty soon. Bekaze they do say that the American Bankers' Association and the United States Chamber of Commerce are going to put on their overalls and march out to the old plantation and tell Farmer Corntossel just what is wrong with his business and how to fix it all hunky-dory in about five minutes. Like the very Old Scratch they will! And the next thing anybody knows we shall have a Cat Association proposing to teach the mice how to keep from being caught. Who said we weren't coming some?

The man who wants to elect a wet president and then tie his hands with a dry congress, is sorter like the feller who takes a dose of poison just to get to call the doctor.

Al-cohol Smith is Out of Luck

No Man Named Smith Can Ever Polish the Seat of His Pants in the President's Chair

There seems to be a good deal in a name when it comes to picking presidents of the United States. In looking over the list of presidents from Washington to the present, one is struck by the almost entire absence of the more common family names. Just five presidents have borne what you might call common names—the two Adamses, Jackson, Johnson, and Wilson. All the rest have been scarce or unusual names.

In the army draft in 1917 there were tens of thousands of Smiths, and in any city directory you will find pages and pages of that name. But even with so many thousand chances to rise to the presidency, no member of that numerous family has ever got there.

Go out into the street of any town or city and throw a stone, and the chances are you will hit a Smith, a Jones, a Brown or a Williams. But, plentiful as these names are, not one of them has ever reached the White House. According to the law of averages there ought to have been more of these names in the White House than any others. But there have been exactly none. Whatever fate or destiny has the job of picking presidents, it has certainly passed over the common names and picked the odd and unusual ones. Look at such names as Arthur, Buchanan, Coolidge, Fillmore, Grant, Garfield, Jefferson, Lincoln, Madison, Monroe, McKinley, Polk, Pierce, Roosevelt, Tyler, Taft, Van Buren, Washington. Only a few of them in the country, and yet they have each furnished a president; while the great armies of the Smiths, Joneses, Browns and Williamses have not.

And isn't that another indication that Al-cohol Smith's chance of becoming president is rather slim? To say nothing of his wetness or of his religious affiliation, he has the wrong name.—James Larkin Pearson in The Golden Age Magazine, New York.

ONE LIE LESS

At least one Republican lie against the Democrats is forever hushed. Ever since I was as big as a half-grown rabbit I have heard it said that the Southern Democrats would vote for the devil if he were running on the Democratic ticket. Well now, the devil's representative in the person of Alcohol Smith is running on the Democratic ticket, and it looks like just about half of the Southern Democrats are refusing to support him. They are proving that they have got some moral principle and that they can't be led around by the nose and voted like dummies.

Now, Mr. Republican, you will have to dry up on that subject, anyhow. You will have to admit that a large percentage of the Democrats are braver and better than you thought they were. Give them credit for being brave men and women. What do you reckon YOU would have done if it had been YOUR party bosses that stuck up such a thing to vote for? I just wonder if you would have been as brave as the Anti-Smith Democrats?

I am not fighting for Hoover—I am fighting against Al Smith.

I don't suppose a Catholic priest would taste very well, and I'm no cannibal either, but I'll agree to eat every Catholic priest that you find supporting Hoover.

Ho-o-o-o Hum!

Somewhere along about the shank end of the good old summer time there was another notable gathering of high silk hats and jimswinger coats in the hot old village of Paris. And the Big Idea on that grand occasion was the signing up of another one of them-thar numerous peace agreements that we hear so much about, and which seem to be good for everything except what they are made for.

This latest one's mother seems to be the League of Nations, and its dear pappy is our own Uncle Sam. And since Uncle Sam and the League have never been married, I—I— oh, never mind about that.

But, anyhow, they named it the "Pact of Paris," and it was signed up right on the spot by fifteen nations, who put their noggins together and took their pens in hand and signed an agreement which I will transmogrify into Fool-Killer talk as follers, to wit, namely, so to speak:

"Well, boys, here we are, right side up with care. Fifteen 'civilized' nations, and most of us are 'Christian' nations as well. But we are all afraid of each other and ain't got but blamed little confidence in ourselves. We are all loaded down with shooting-irons and other deadly weepins, and we don't know what day some of us might jump on the rest of us and whale the eternal daylights out of about half of us. We have made lots of peace agreements—before, but we are afraid they ain't no good, and so we have to keep on making more. And now, dearly beloved, we once more hug and kiss and swear that we will never fight any more. But just to be on the safe side we had better keep on toting our big guns and butcher-knives. We MIGHT need 'em, you know. We can't be trusted, and we may have to beat hell out of ourselves yet."

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Literary Mustard-Plaster to Draw Blisters on Society, Church and State

Published Monthly at BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Single Subscription One Year 25c
In Clubs of 5 or More 15c

Entered at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:
THE FOOL-KILLER
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

We Would Like To Know

We've heard their latest promises,
We've seen their latest show;
But we are Doubting Thomases,
And still we want to know—
What went with that Utopia
That filled us full of hopia
Because of all the dopia
They gave us years ago?

They've struck heroic attitudes,
Like angels white as snow;
But we can't live on platitudes,
And we would like to know
If there's a Teapot stewin'
To bring disgrace and ruin,
And what the Pope is doin'
To make us kiss his toe.

THANK YOU!

I must not close the forms for this issue without thanking my friends in all parts of the country for the eager welcome and loyal support they are giving The Fool-Killer. It begins to look like old times. Keep it up, folks, and let's make it cover the world even as possum sop covereth a multitude of sweet taters.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct. 1. 1928.

State of North Carolina,
Wilkes County.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James Larkin Pearson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of The Fool-Killer, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown above:

Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Owner:
James Larkin Pearson, Boomer N. C.

Bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders.

None.

(Signed) James Larkin Pearson.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1928.
G. A. ELLER, J. P.
My commission expires Feb., 1930.

IDIOTORIALS

Cal is now at liberty to fish with worms if he wants to.

"The full dinner-pail," was a popular slogan in McKinley's day. But now all anybody cares for is a full gas-tank.

To expect Alcohol Smith to stand or run on a dry platform is sorter like asking a fish to climb a tree.

Josephus Daniels's campaign speeches sound sorter like trying to bore a square hole in a slice of raw atmosphere with a left-handed corn-cob.

The Democrats ought to have some of the Republican "oil" to grease their candidate with. Maybe that would help them to swallow him without making such a crooked face. Grease him, boys, grease him!

I hope to get in touch at once or sooner with every one of the old Fool-Killer subscribers and club-raisers, and I want them to get busy and stay busy sending in clubs to The Fool-Killer. Now if you get a sample copy of this issue, it means that I am talking to you. Lemme hear from ye.

A few so-called leaders of the party that put prohibition on the map in the South are now tearing their shirts for the worst enemy that prohibition ever had. But the "rank and file" of the party say that Smith is too "rank" for them to "file" a claim on.

The Christian Science Monitor has got a quick eye for the nice agreeable things, but it never sees any of the crime and dirt and corruption with which the world is filled. What a pity that the hungry man can't just refuse to feel his hunger, or tell his belly that it is lying, or something like that.

How did it happen that a durned Russian Bolshevik was allowed to rescue members of the Noble party? Didn't the Tallies know that it would be more honorable to die on the Northern ice than to be rescued by a Red? Just wait till you hear what Mussolini says about that.

They are having a very serious drouth in Italy. Crops are a failure, and the people are praying for rain. So say the news reports. What? A drouth in Italy, and Mussolini right there on the job? That's funny to me. Why don't Mussolini give God his orders to make it rain?

Talkin' to Ye

Well, now, I just happened to think of something—maybe you folks are wanting me to let up on Al for a few minutes and tell you who I am really FOR in this-here gosh-awful fight, anyhow.

Well, honey, it's this-a-way: As to the ding-busted parties, one is just about as good as the other, if not a leetle bit better. I'm thankful to say that I don't have to draw my political breath out of either one of their old hip-shotten wind-bags. At an ordinary time and under normal conditions, both of the old gone-to-seed parties might go to Hepsidam or some other dam for all I would care.

But everybody agrees that this campaign is different from anything we have had before, and it calls for a different way of looking at things. This isn't an orninary political fight between two pie-hungry parties to see which can poke its snout in the pie-basket. There is some of that in it, to be sure, but there is something more. There is a moral issue in it which is bigger than anything else. For once, and for a wonder, the Republican party has nominated its best and strongest man, while a few Democratic bosses have betrayed their party and put up the nearest nothing that could have been started. Herb Hoover is better fitted to be president than any man that either party has put up since I can remember. Hoover is bigger than either party, or both of them put together. I am not saying that Herb is a winged saint or that he will start the millennium right away. I'm only saying that he has the brains, the ability, the experience, the moral courage, and the clean record needed just at this time. He compares with Smith as an express train compares with a dog-sled and the dogs all drunk. Hoover is "all business," including, of course, Big Business, which some of us like to cuss out now and then.

Then again, Hoover is not a professional politician. I don't know how in the thunder he happened be nominated, unless it was just an act of Providence. I expected the Republican wire-pullers to put their bald heads together and name the sorriest little figurehead that the "Ohio gang" could scare up. But something—maybe it was Providence, as I said—led them to name the very man I knew they OUGHT to name but didn't believe they would. And it was a lucky thing that they did nominate Hoover, a man who is about as much Democrat as Republican, a man that the Democrats wanted to nominate in 1920, and a man that the Anti Smith Democrats can very easily vote for now, when cruel fate has deprived them of a candidate of their own. I am sure that millions of good Democrats thank God for Hoover just at this time.

Oh yes, he is the nominee of the "Grand Oiled Party." Sure, and I'm sorry about the oil. But sarn-take your gizzard, I would rather drink a reasonable amount of kerosene oil than to be plum "drownded" in old corn likker.

If we don't take Hoover, we have got to take Alcohol Smith, a man whose policy is Rum, Romanism and Ruin; a man who stands for everything that is low and alien and un-American and dangerous; a man who is so objectionable that fully half of his own party is against him, and whose only hope lies in combining the wet and lawless elements of both parties against the sober and decent elements of both.

So it boils down to this. The biggest issue in this campaign is to keep Alcohol Smith, the wet Romanist, out of the White House. There are smaller issues that we might fight over at another time, but now we must forget them and all join in the fight against Rum, Romanism and Ruin.

Please understand that I am not a Republican—nor a Democrat—and there have been times when I voted the Socialist ticket just for "sentiment's sake" and knowing that I was throwing my vote away. If there wasn't a bigger issue at stake I would like to do that again. But heavens alive, folks, this is no time to throw away votes. I MUST make my vote count against Al Smith, and the only way to do it is to vote for Herb Hoover.

After we have got Al safely out of the way and Herb established at Washington, then will be plenty of time to fuss and fight over the smaller issues. And of course if Herb don't do just to suit us we'll set The Fool-Killer on him and he'll think judgment has come.

If the Smith Republicans can elect Smith, and the Hoover Democrats can elect Hoover, then everybody will be puffickly happy.

It is conceded on all sides that Smith will carry Italy and Spain, and probably Greece, with a few scattering townships in Mexico and South America.

The Why-ness of the Which

Figgers don't lie, but liars can figger, and it seems that the lies get bigger and bigger. A North Carolina daily paper claims to have made an "investigation" to ascertain the percentage of Roman Catholics that now hold appointive positions in Washington under the Coolidge regime. And the paper says it finds that 75 per cent of such positions are now held by Catholics — appointed by a Republican president—and it doesn't think that Al Smith could do any worse than that.

Now I don't dispute the figures given out by the North Carolina daily. They are probably correct. Don't understand me to be defending the Republican party. Everybody knows it is corrupt, and the Coolidge administration has just been a hold-over from the notorious Harding spree.

But instead of these figures making it look better for Smith and Romanism, they make it look still worse. They prove the charge that I have been making all the while—that Romanists are eternally "horning in" at every place where they can possibly force an opening. If 75 per cent of recent Republican appointments have been Catholic, that is out of all proportion to the total number of Catholics in the country, and it is unthinkable that a Protestant president would deliberately go out of his way to hunt up Catholics to appoint in such numbers.

The plain inference is that the Catholic political machine picked out these people and pushed them forward, seeking and forcing their appointment by every possible means. The plain inference is that they were appointed without any thought being given (on the part of the government) to their "religious" affiliation. But you can bet that the pope was laughing in his sleeve all the time because he had been able to slip so many of his toe kissers into government jobs, where they can act as spies and secret agents for the foxy old banderlo dad over in Rome.

Now here comes the question: If Rome can wheedle so many of her tools into the government even under a Protestant president, what WOULD she be able to do if she had the president and the whole government in her hands? It is terrible to think about.

Doubtless after associating with twenty-five or thirty Rising Generations, Methuselah ceased entirely to worry about the matter.

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

"Religion in Politics"

Say, mister, I want you to get this through your noodle: There is no "religious issue" in this campaign. Nobody, so far as I know, has said one word against the Roman Catholic religion—so long as it stays in religion's place. It is only when Romanism ceases to be religion and becomes a political machine that some of us think it is time to sound a warning. The trouble with Romanism is this: It is to-day and has always been a political machine hiding under the cloak of religion. The very heart and soul of its "religion" is a deep laid plot to meddle in affairs of state. The central tenet of its creed is a claim that it has a divine right to lord it over earthly rulers and dictate policies of government.

That is the thing that makes Romanism so objectionable to a free people, and any other so-called "religion" that tried to play that game would be just as bad and deserving of the same condemnation. I repeat that it is not a religious question at all, but only a question of political meddling and dictating by a corrupt and criminal machine that CALLS itself religious.

I see that Hoover himself has utterly failed to grasp this vital fact in connection with the Roman Catholic machine. He seems to agree with the Smith crowd that Romanism is only a religion and that it should not be mentioned in a political campaign. I see where Hoover has used some strong language in condemning those of his friends who see danger ahead if a Romanist rules in Washington. Herb wants to shy over that dangerous subject and pose as very "tolerant" in matters of "religion." Maybe that is all right for Herb to do, but somebody must sound the warning. Somebody must shoulder the unpleasant task of removing the religious sheepskin from the political wolf.

Hoover must be entirely honest in his view that Romanism is a mere harmless religion, and that it has no sneaking plans to grab civil power and set up pope-rule in America. But if he believes any such stuff as that, he certainly has got one weak link in his chain of knowledge. He is allowing his "tolerance" to blind him to the greatest danger that now threatens our land.

Millions of good level-headed people in this country are awake to the dangers of Romanism. It is not a false alarm started by a gang of fanatics; it is a real danger which must be met and mastered before it masters us.

If the Anti-Smith and Protestant forces have "dragged religion into politics," it is only because Rome did it first. When the wolf in sheep's clothing breaks into the fold, does the shepherd pet and coddle the sheepskin, or does he go after the wolf with a two-handed club with horns on it?

Is sometimes happens that you must fight fire with fire, and this is a case of that kind. If the poppycrats insist on calling their political machine by the name of "religion," then it is the duty of all good people to give that so-called "religion" a black eye on November 6. And they are going to do it. Regardless of old party lines, the good people of this country are not going to surrender their national destiny into the hands of the political humbug that calls itself religion.

No "Whispering" Here

The Cathocrats are calling this fight against Romanism a "whispering campaign." Blame-taked if this-here Fool-Killer is "whispering" any. It is talking just as loud as it can, and wishes it had a bigger voice so it could talk still louder against the forces of evil that are lined up with Alcohol Smith. Are we scared? Do we have to slip around with gum-shoes on and "whisper" our sentiments? GOSH, NO! Did you hear THAT?

The man who thinks with his belly can usually turn out a better grade of thunks when he is right plum good and hungry.

PICKED-UP PARAGRAPHS

Candidates are now supported by liquid measures.—Statesville, Ga., Pilot.

Republicans appear to think that all the ills of their country would be cured by their Herb.—Chicago Tribune.

The old problem was to get to the North Pole. The problem today seems to be to get back from it.—Marion Star.

In the Democratic party the contest seems to be between the solid South and the liquid North.—American Lumberman.

If it lives up to the names which head it, the Hoover campaign organization ought to do Good Work.—Tampa Tribune.

Sure, you can get rich without an education as Ford and Edison did—if you are a Ford or an Edison.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Wouldn't it be a good plan for Mr. Byrd to get his rescuers started for the South Pole before he leaves?—Portland Express.

From the way some of the women are talking, it looks like too many Democrats married Republican wives.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Englishman claims that our speech is often ambiguous. No doubt he refers to such terms as "easy payment."—Wall Street Journal.

As we understand it, the two political parties are to be governed this year by General Motors and General Prosperity.—The New Yorker.

Mr. Hoover is going to conduct a front-porch campaign—as soon as he can remember where he lives when at home.—Ohio State Journal.

"Hoover," says the New York Times, "thinks in terms of the cosmos." And here we've been thinking that maybe it was indigestion that made him look that way.—Macon Telegraph.

After a careful study of the dry platform upon which Gov. Smith is expected to stand, we advise him to wear his rubbers.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mr. Ford's new models are now being seen in increasing numbers. A few more years and we will have passed out of the Elizabethan age.—Christian Science Monitor.

If the meek inherit the earth, they'll find their property pretty well plastered with mortgages by those who are not so meek.—Council Bluffs Nonpartisan.

A Sermon On Bravery

You Little Cowardly One-Hoss Pop-Gun Toters Read This.

Looky here, you consarned old two-faced howling hypocrites and you big blustering popgun cowards, I want you all to shut up your noisy gab-traps and open your big floppy ears for just a few minutes. Your Uncle Pearson is going to preach you a thousand dollar sermon on "Bravery."

I have had men swell out their bellies like a wind-sucking hoss and tell me that they have never felt the sensation of fear. To hear them tell it, they are not afraid of anything in heaven or on earth. They are just so doggon brave that they are in constant danger of insulting themselves just to get to fight their own shadders.

And then these "brave" men have gone on to tell me how they always tote a "gun" day night, and how many times they have been "held up" by robbers and rough-necks and had to use their guns to save themselves. They seem to think it would not be safe for such "brave" fellers as they are to go anywhere without an over-grown shooting iron flapping against their hindquarters like beating beefsteak with a meat-ax.

The fact is that these "brave" fellers are just plain cheap cowards. They are all the time nervous and uneasy for fear something is going to hurt them, and they think they must tote a gun for protection against the things they are afraid of.

Now, honey, what do you think about it? If these gun-toting fellers are so almighty "brave," what about the feller who does not tote a gun? I spoze he's a coward, eh? Well, then, I am one of them things. I have never in my life bragged or boasted about being "brave." But, come to think about it, I have gone wherever I needed to go, in city or country, day or night, these forty-odd years, and the thought has never once passed through my mind that I might need a "gun" to defend myself against any human being. I have never gone around with two chips on each shoulder hunting for trouble. I have just quietly gone about my business without fear, that's all. Knowing that I didn't intend to harm anyone else, I have felt perfectly sure that they would not harm me. Just as simple as that. Quiet, unassuming, perfectly at ease. No conscious thought of being "brave," and yet not the least bit afraid. Never have owned or toted a gun for a single minute of my life, and have never needed one.

Of course, I have been in places where, if I had been the gun-toting kind, I would have shot the air plum full of holes and maybe killed somebody and got killed myself. The very fact that I was unarmed and behaving myself was my protection, and it is the best protection that any man can have.

Now, Mister Congregation, I want you to give me a rising vote on this question: As between me and these "brave" fellers who are afraid of so many things, who is really the brave man?

NATIONAL THINK DAY

Here Is a Good Idea. Let's Have At Least One Day in the Year Devoted to Thinking

Our friend Adam Coaldigger has writ a piece in the paper suggesting that we ought to have in this country a National Think Day.

That's a good idea. I don't know of anything else that we need half so bad. You know we have all sorts of "Days" that we celebrate from time to time, such as Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Independence Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Thanksgiving Day, Decoration Day, Labor Day, Armistice Day, and so forth. On top of that we have Christmas Day, Easter Day and Groundhog Day. But this is the first time that anybody has ever mentioned having a Think Day.

I second the motion. I say we need it. Here we go from year's end to year's end doing everything else only THINKING, and mighty few of us ever stop to THINK any.

The author of the proposal does not try to dictate what we shall think about on Think Day, but he just wants the people to stop everything else for one day and sit down quietly and THINK all day. Think about whatever you please. But THINK. That is the main idea. Some people will think wrong, but the chances are that most people will think right, and so the balance will be on the right side of the ledger.

Not with any intention of trying to dictate what shall be thunk about, but only as a friendly suggestion, Adam proposes the following as subjects that might bear a little THINKING:

Why am I a Republican? Why am I a Democrat? Why do I belong to the church that I belong to? What makes me think that the White House Spokesman is a great man? Why is it a crime to kill a personal enemy and a virtue to kill a lot of people you never saw? How comes it that an over-production of good things causes misery and poverty?

There are many other subjects too numerous to mention that need thinking about long and hard, and I don't see any way to get it done without having a National Think Day. Say, Buddy, what do you think about Think Day? Huh?

What Are We Here For?

Have You Got Any Right Plum Honest-to-God Ideas About It? Huh?

We are here.

Yes, I see we are.

But what are we here for?

Did you ever stop in your mad race of "living" long enough to ask yourself that question?

What are we here for?

We look around us.

We see farms, factories, shops, stores, hotels, hospitals, churches, schools, libraries, banks, prisons, mines, railroads and Ford cars. We see lawyers, doctors, preachers, carpenters, mechanics, merchants, farmers, writers, printers, singers, actors, soldiers, sailors, teachers, toilers and tramps.

We see a frantic activity all along the line, and all these people and things are having nervous jim-jams trying to do something.

What are they trying to do?

Trying to run "business," they say.

What is business?

Why, business is just "busyness"—something to keep busy at.

Well, is business itself the most important thing? Are we all here just to serve as customers for business—to make it prosper and grow, regardless of how we fare? Or is business here to serve us, and to make life more civilized and comfortable?

If the people were not here, then what? There would be no need of business. It could go hang and nobody would miss it.

Then it ought to be plain to anybody that business is here to serve the people, and not the people to serve business.

And when the time comes that business is set up as a divine institution in its own right—a thing which must be made to prosper and grow rich even if the people starve—then it is time to call a halt and see where we have got to in this race of life.

Two men meet at the close of a busy day, and the first question is, "How's business?" Not "How's morals?" "How's health?" "How's intelligence?" "How's happiness?" But "HOW'S BUSINESS?" Just as if business were the first consideration, and the welfare of the people only a secondary matter.

Actually, it seems that most people look at it that way. They regard business as a sort of god which must be worshipped and prayed to, and in whose service they must wear their lives away.

Poor fools!

Business which would serve the people first and itself last would be all right. But when the people have to become slaves and chattels in the service of business, and never get any time to LIVE, there is something wrong.

What are we here for?

To make a living?

Or to LIVE?

JOE SEE FUSS DAN YELLS

Here, translated into Fool-Killer talk, is the line of argument that Joe See Fuss Dan Yells is pumping through the gap in his face as he goes up and down the land orating in behalf of Alcohol Smith:

"O my dearly beloved Democrats, listen and give heed to the words of my mouth; for, verily, I am the inspired prophet of the Democratic party.

The voice of the Pope came unto me in the night hours saying: Go thou into every county and township and teach the fool voters how they should vote. Lift up thy silvery voice by its brass handle and teach the people saying—Thus sayeth the Pope of Rome: Behold, thou shalt not bolt the Democratic party, but thou shalt vote the ticket straight from Alcohol Smith down to dog-catcher. Thou shalt not organize Anti Smith clubs, neither shalt thou vote for Hoover, lest a great curse fall upon thee and thy house. Thou shalt not vote for Hoover who is a good Democrat; but, verily, thou shalt vote for Smith whose campaign manager is a wet Catholic Republican.

Thou shalt not believe that old Republican lie to the effect that Smith will destroy Prohibition if he gets in; for verily I say unto you that Smith, as president, would have no power to destroy prohibition or to make likker more plentiful. Only Congress could do that. And we are urging the election of a dry Democratic congress to tie the hands of our wet Democratic president so that he will be powerless to do anything. That is our idea of getting things done. Seelum.

Dearly beloved of the household of Democracy, let us all stand together like tar babies in a row and elect this great statesman—this peerless leader of men—who will not be able to do a durn thing when he gets in.

We admit, beloved, that Al is just as wet as it is possible for for a man to be without being drowned; and since his Milwaukee speech some of us sorter wish he was drowned, and we admit that he would like to do away with the "damnable" prohibition law. But don't get excited about that. We are going to tie him up and hamstring him with a dry congress so that he will be as helpless as a chicken-hawk with both legs in a steel-trap.

Vol. XIV. Boomer, North Carolina, November, 1928. No. 9.

ADAM AND EVE

Once the critter got on Adam,
Though he didn't know he had 'em,
And he said to Eve, "O Madam,
  I'm a-feelin' mighty quare;
There is somethin' in my brishes,
An' it might be lice or witches,
But it's awful how it itches,
  An' it's more than I can bear."

Eve said, "Adam, I was hopin'
When with you I went elopin',
That you'd never take to dopin'
  Nor to drinkin' ruddy wine.
But I see you've been a-bootin'
Till your reason you've lost hootin',
Oh, I did some sorry shootin'
  I'm ashamed that you are mine."

Adam said, "I'm not a-drinkin',
As you seem to be a-thinkin',
An' there's been no glass a-clinkin'
  Underneath my Roman nose.
Stop your base insinuatin',
And begin investigatin'
To discover what old Satan
  Has been puttin' in my clothes."

Eve said, "Adam go to strippin';
Peel your shirt an' shed your
  higgin's,"—
"If you hadn't eat that pippin,"
Said old Adam to his mate,
"We'd have had no nasty garments
Catchin' dirt an' breedin' verments,
An' nobody preachin' serments
  All about our fallen state."

"There you go," said Eve a-grinnin',
"Blamin' me with all the sinnin',
Don't I spile and weave the linen
  That conceals your ugly frame?
If I'd left that apple stickin'
When I saw it needed pickin',
You'd be feathered like a chicken,
  An' you'd say I was to blame."

Adam said—so, Adam never,
For his wife was very clever,
And he knew she would endeavor
  To speak last, as women will;
So he hushed an' went to clawin'
Where he felt them lice a-gnawin',
And his cuss-word was the coin—
  They are here a-clawin' still.

—James Larkin Pearson.

There is still a chance for Al Smith to be a famous wise-cracker like his friend Jimmy Walker. In his final admission of defeat he tearfully remarked, "It behooveres me———." That was a plum good wise-crack. There is no longer any doubt that Al was behooveres.

THE STORY OF THE FLOOD

Do you remember about Noah and his successful and well-known Flood, and how he got the laugh on all them folks who did-not think it was going to rain?

Well, now, I been thinking some about that-thar Flood here lately, and sorter comparing it to the recent inundation of Hoover votes that just about buried everything that couldn't swim.

Now Alcohol Smith and Johnny Raskob was two bad boys that didn't think it was going to rain very many Hoover votes, and they thought they could stay in New York and keep out of the shower all right. And they thought if it DID get serious they could climb some of the New York skyscrapers and save their mutton.

But, by golly, when it did begin to rain Hoover votes it looked like it was never going to quit. It didn't rain forty days like Captain Noah's Flood did, but it rained enough in one day to do for forty. And before it was over, I be darn-taked if it didn't bury New York, both state and city, plum out of sight. It would have taken a deep-sea diver to find the top of the Woolworth Tower. And anybody that was flying over the city in a Zepplin could see Smith Democrats bobbing up and down on the waves like the corks from a thousand beer bottles, and waving their arms and praying to the pope to make it quit raining Hoover votes.

And what had become of Alcohol Smith and Johnny Raskob in the time of it? Bless your nice little gizzard, honey, that's just what I was going to tell you. Them guys had heard the story about Captain Noah, and when they saw that it really was going to be a Flood they went to work and made them a raft out of boose-barrels, and they got on it and floated around trying to find some high Dimocratic land wasn't covered up. Finally they saw South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi sticking up out of the waves, and they used their shirt-tails for sails and navigated off toward the South. It was just a pitiful little remnant of the old Solid South that they found, but it looked a heap better to them than Ararat did to Noah, and so—

They tied their boat to a cypress knee,
And waited ashore from the Hoover
  sea,
And called for a drink of old corn tea,
And went to playing golf.
And now they are down in Mississip,
Where Democrats still hold their grip,
And there, with a bottle on each hip,
They're still a-playing golf.

Awful Prosperous

Your uncle Arthur Brisbane, you know, has got the name of being a great editorial writer. Compared with us little fellers, he is so big that he looks like a brick hotel with legs to it. But still he does pull some glorious boners in the course of a day's work. As a sample of what he can do, I respectfully invite your attention to the following two paragraphs which I find in the same column and not two inches apart:

"The late Harry Payne Whitney left a fortune of $200,000,000, and was not one of the country's very rich men. Any one of a dozen men in New York could buy all he had without missing the money. This is a prosperous country.

Next:

"Trinity Church Corporation of New York, owns the beautiful old church and grave yard at the top of Wall Street. In a deal involving more than $250,000,000, Trinity Church has purchased more real estate on Seventh Avenue. If the founder of Christianity lived in New York with its East Side slums and its perverty and suffering, and if he had twenty million dollars, would he buy more real estate with it, or what would he do?"

Seems to me like them two squibs don't hardly match up as well as they ought to. Do you see anything wrong?

If imitation seahskin is so much like mink that you can't tell it from rabbit, why does a grubworm crawl on its back?

I reckon Bill Borah's conscience has got so tough that it don't hurt him any more. I see he has changed his notion about re-paying that hush-money that Sinclair dropped into the 1924 campaign hat. Well, a politician's conscience is sorter like a piece of old boot-leg, anyhow.

Hello, South America!

Hello, South America! There comes our Quaker who won't fight. His middle name is Diplomacy, and he has the dove skinned a mile as an emblem of peace.

This Quaker had a chance to travel to your country in great style on one of our great battleships, but he refused the honor and went in a little row-boat about the size of a pig-trough. You folks may call it a battleship when you see it, but it ain't nothing of the sort. It is just a common row-boat like the boys of Main Street take out on half-holiday fishing trips down Podunk River. If you were to see one of our real battleships it would scare you to death so quick you wouldn't have time to say good-bye.

Why, honey chile, our real fighting ships are as big as one end of the Blue Ridge, and when they launch one of them they have to take all the other ships off the sea, and the whales have to crawl out on the shore and go flopping along on the sand like some new sort of a grub worm learning how to walk.

It would take all the powder you've got in South America to load one of our big guns, and you could cram every soldier and sailor you've got into it at one time and shoot them plum tother side of the South Pole. We've got soldiers up here so big that it takes two bull-hides to make 'em a pair of shoes, and so high that they have to pay tax in the moon.

Shucks, you South American Rubes don't know nothig. Our Quaker's visit into your wild bull ranch will teach you a few things, but you can't learn from him anything about how us Yankees can fight. He has just come to swap pocket-knives, ask for a chaw of terbacker, and feed his face at some of your hot-dog joints.

But I say, South America, don't try to start nuthin with our Quaker. He won't fight and he ain't got nuthin there to fight with, but he MIGHT happen to send back home for one of our real battleships, and then you would wish your mammy had pinched your head off the day you were born.

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Literary Mustard-Plaster to Draw Blisters on Society, Church and State

Published Monthly at
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Single Subscription One Year 25c
In Clubs of 5 or More 15c

Entered at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at knockout rates.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor ballast.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I dogpin please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have think some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old germs from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in vitriol.

It rides the devil astraddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every jump.

It is filled with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct. 1, 1928.

State of North Carolina, }
Wilkes County. }

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James Larkin Pearson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of The Fool-Killer, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown above:

Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Owner:
James Larkin Pearson, Boomer N. C.

Bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders.
None.

(Signed) James Larkin Pearson.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1928.

G. A. ELLER, J. P
My commission expires Feb., 1930.

IDIOTORIALS

Speaking of lost continents, what about the one that Al Smith lost?

Good roads go nearly everywhere now, but they always come back.

About the only thing left in this world that can be shocked is grain.

We may still be in the frying pan, but we at least didn't jump out into the fire.

The South had an earthquake on Nov. 2nd, but it wasn't anything like the one it had on Nov. 6th.

Having got North America tucked into his vest pocket, Herb has now gone after South America.

Now what if Herb gets busy on some big engineering project down in South America and forgets he was elected president?

The election is over except in some sections of the South. They are still voting for Smith in Mississippi and South Carolina.

Everything seems to be going South with the birds this winter. Hoover has gone to South America, and Al Smith is in Mississippi.

Several earthquakes have been reported in the South since the election. Aw, them wasn't earthquakes — them was just echoes from the Busted South.

Democratic Future Not Affected by Hoover Election.—Headline. Maybe that means that the Democratic party ain't got no future.

Chase's portrait is to be placed on the new $10,000 bill. Which means that you will have to chase one a long time before you ever get in sight of it.

Wonder if South America has got any "Solid South" that it don't want busted? If so, somebody had better lock it up till Herb gets away.

In printing its election map, The Literary Digest put the little handful of Democratic states in black. Well, that's the way they feel. Black for mourning, you know.

A man by the name of George Fox is running a mail order fur business. Gosh, it's a wonder he doesn't skin himself and sell his own hide. Fox hides are said to fetch a purty good price.

Here's how it looks to one North Carolina Democrat. He says: "The Republicans are not to be trusted. While we were helping them to elect Herbert Hoover they sneaked around on our blind side and took two of our Congressmen away from us." Yes, the Republicans are just like the Democrats in that respect—they can't be trusted.

LETTERS TO HOOVER

Well, boys, we have got Hoover, whither we like it or not, and now we must begin to use him. Hoover knows so many different kinds of things he will come in handy most anywhere. If you have a problem of any sort that you can't solve, or that you need some advice on, or if you need help of any kind, why not take it right to Hoover? He knows all about it. He can fix it for you. The following citizens have already availed themselves of the rare opportunity of putting their problems right up to the man who knows:

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I have been told that you fed the starving millions of Europe during the World War and after it. You must have had to eat at your house, or you couldn't have done that. Can you still feed people like you did then? Me and my old woodmarm and our babies ain't got much to eat, and I am getting dogpon tired of working. So I thought I would write and ask you to please come and feed us like you did them folks in the war.

Yours truly,
SKINNY McGHIN.

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I am the original Hoover man in my state, and I got all the votes I could for you, and now I want my reward. It ain't much that I am asking, and I am sure you can grant such a single request. I merely want you to make me Secretary of the Treasury and kick out old Mellon. He's got money enough, and I want a chance to get me some. Please let me know by return mail when you want me to begin and what my salary will be, and also tell me what time of the moon is the best time to wean calves.

Yours sincerely,
LYNN C. DOYLE.

P. S.—Have you got any good dry stove wood that you could send my by telegraph?—L. C. D.

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I read in the paper where some farmer had reclaimed an old worn out and washed away farm, making it very rich and productive. Now I would like to try that experiment if my farm will do to try it on. My farm is mostly worn out and mostly washed away, but I'm afraid it ain't bad enough yet to begin reclaiming. As I understand it, the worse a farm is gone down the more honor there is in bringing it up, and what I am after is the honor. Just how bad should it get before I begin? I think I had better wait five or six years yet. I like waiting, anyhow. If you think five years is too long to wait, please tell me what I can do to make it wash away faster. Maybe two or three more years might get it bad enough to start in if the washing away can be speeded up a little. Please advise me. Also send me a rabbit gun and something to bait it with, and send my wife some quilt pieces and a box of snuff.

Yours truly,
UPSON DOWNR.

Dear Mr. Hoover:

Among all the other things you are good at, could you help a poor lonely girl catch a man? It don't matter much what sort of man. I am not very particular, and I hope the man won't be very particular, either. I am thirty years old, and I feel like fifty and look like seventy, and have never been kissed. I have had the measles and the mumps and the chilblains and two kinds of itch, and [illegible] the itch now. This is [illegible] for the right man. Send him along quick. Tell him to be sure and bring a sack of flour and a can of corn-beef and a jug of molasses. Tell him I can get the fire made and the kettle on, and if that man don't get here pretty soon I'll have to look out for another one. Please send a book on "Courtship" and a copy of the song, "I Need a Good Man Bad." Yours truly,
CARRIE Z. NOILE.

Where Are Peking and Palm Beach

The latest fashion note says that the divided skirt or "trouser's skirt" is to be the next thing in women's wear. Well, they've had one leg of it for some time. The fashion note goes on to say that the trousers skirt will "cover the lower half of lovely women from Peking to Palm Beach." Now if a body just had some way of knowing where Peking and Palm Beach are located on the female form! But a mere man is not supposed to know such things.

A SERMON ON BOILS

By Bill Joshings

Boils are the sorest things of their size on record, and as cross to the touch as a setting hen or a dog with a fresh bone. Boils always pick out the handiest place on your body to build their nest, and if you undertake to break them up it only makes them mad and it takes them longer to hatch out.

Boils are as old as religion. Job, the prophet, was the first champion of boils that we know anything about, and he is reported to have had more boils and more patience to the square inch than anybody else ever had.

Boils are very sassy. Sometimes when you go to sit down, they will get between you and the chair. This is one evidence of their ill-breeding. I once had a boil to plant herself on the front end of my nose, which was a most remarkable piece of bad manners, for there is no room on my nose anywhere for a boil.

Boils are said to be healthy, and maybe they are. I have seen some healthy old boils, as big as a hornet's nest, and as full of stings. I always want to be healthy,—I am willing to pay the highest market price for a good deal of healthy,—but if I had to have two boils on me all the time in order to be healthy, I would feel like I was getting more health than my share.

Boils are said by the educated and correct spellers of the land, to be an operation of nature to get rid of something that she wants to spare. This is probably the truth, but it don't strike me as being a very polite thing for nature to shove off her boils onto other folks. I say, let everybody take care of their own boils.

A writer in "Science," (New York) has discovered that none of the other planets are inhabited by intelligent beings. Well, the earth isn't either, and so we have got no room to brag.

THIS - HERE "GRAFTING" BUSINESS

I spoze you must have noticed the big excitement about this new gland - grafting discovery that the surgeons have made. If you remember, I called your attention to it one time before. But I could not at that time see all the possibilities in it that I can see now.

They have discovered a whole lot of little teeny-weeny things which they call "glands" stuck about in different parts of the human body, and they say these glands produce some sort of secretions which have a powerful influence on the health and vigor of the body. If some gland gets out of kilter and fails to function properly, there is a sudden falling off in energy, old age and debility come on in a gallop, and the patient soon gets tired of life and wanders off into the limbo of the Ultimate Whence.

But if the glands can be restored to their normal action, then Old Age hobbles back into the remote future and grits her snaggled teeth in anger because she has been deprived of a good supper. Youth and strength come back in all their glory, and everything is just as bong-swong as you please.

And then they do say, furthermore, that if the original glands which God put into your works when he made you—if these glands get beyond repair, the surgeon can now cut them out and graft in perfectly good glands from a goat or a monkey, or possibly a packing-house pig. These will answer just as well as your own original organs, and you will soon be so young and frisky that you won't know how to behave yourself. I am shore glad to hear about that, and I hope at least part of it is true.

But the grafting of glands is only a beginning. It is thought that they will soon get smart enough to cut out everything a man has in the way of organs and replace them with goat organs, monkey organs, or maybe cow organs. They will probably leave the man's backbone to hang the thing onto, and if they can find the "immortal soul" that man thinks he possesses, they ought to leave that, too.

And that leads on to a new line of thought. Suppose a man is all cut away and the place filled up with animal parts, then what would he be—a man or an animal? And if they cut out the part where the "soul" lives, what would become of the poor thing? Would it roost around in some other part of the mixed-up anatomy, or would it pack its go-way bag and take the next train for heaven?

This is all very puzzling to my massive intellect, and I want somebody to come along and hold it open so I can peep into it a little further. It's all right to be smart, but I'm afraid these monkey - grafters are going to put the Creator in a sort of embarrassing situation if they don't slow up a little.

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

BRING ON THE BABIES

I see that Maragret Sanger, the great high priestess of "Birth Control," is still shelling the woods with her propaganda and trying to get somebody to help her save this suffering world from an over-supply of these-here terrible squalling brats.

It is a serious matter, if you want to take Margaret's word for it. Talk about epidemics of grasshoppers and boll weevils and all the insect pests you ever heard tell of, but all of them together ain't a drop in the bucket compared with the threatened destruction of our happy homes by an invasion of naked and helpless babies. They just must be stopped. Imagine, if you can, the awful wreck and ruin that can be caused by five or six million babies turned loose in this peaceful and unprepared land, and no baby clothes ready, and not a gosh-durned bottle of Castoria on the place.

But I just wonder if there ain't something wrong with Lady Margaret's double-geared jeeminy-fits, and I wonder if she ain't geting us all scared to death a little too soon. Let's turn this question over on its belly and see if it ain't got another side to it.

Now, honey, I freely admit that babies are an awful bother, and I have to confess that there ain't but one possible use for them in the world. But that one use is very important, and I don't see how we could get along without them. In regard to boy babies, the one and only use that has ever been found for them is to make soldiers out of, and of course we must have the gal babies to grow up and be the mothers of soldiers. That's the only way we can fix it. You see, if it wasn't for the necessity of having "preparedness" and plenty of soldiers for the "next war," the world could get along just plum snipshus without any babies at all. But what sort of laughing-stocks would we be if we didn't keep prepared for such a nice business as war, and didnot have a few million soldiers ready for cannon fodder any time the millionaires might need their "rights" defended in some furrin land?

Say all the other bad things you can think of about the new Congress, but you can't charge it with being Ruthless. The three new women members of the Lower House are all named Ruth.

PARAGRAPHS.

The secret of getting to be a political boss is learning to lie slicker than anybody else.

When I look at the men it seems entirely possible that they might have evoluted from monkeys; but when I look at the purty gals I think God must have bought them in a candy store.

New York swelldom is building another $5,000,000 church in which it proposes to worship a poor Carpenter who probably never had enough money at one time to pay for a week's rashins. And if the same humble Christ should come into that church when completed, the stiff-backed flunkies would drive him out and set the police on him.

Gosh, Betsey! Excuse me—is that cussing? I hope not. Anyhow, I need them words to express my ding-busted admiration for this-here double-back-action disarmament that we are not getting.

A critic says that in the matter of dress, girls will stop at nothing. Well, it seems that they have pretty nearly reached the stopping place.

Every time I see one of these great big-bellied fat men I can't help wondering how it would like to see him trying to trim his toe nails.

The thing that puzzles me so bad is this: Why does our government go into such wild tantrums about defending "our" right on the high seas and in foreign lands, while it never lifts a finger to help its poor right here at home?

If every person in the world could swap happiness with somebody else, most of them would get cheated.

Blessed is the man who has just enough trouble to keep him happy.

If you must gamble, gamble on yourself. Don't play the other man's game.

When you are about to say something, always consider the fish. It never gets caught as long as it keeps its mouth shut.

And no doubt away back in the Stone Age people tried to get across the road ahead of the disosaur.

When Adam and Eve were turned out of Eden it made them so mad that they raised Cain.

Lissen, Herb!

My Dear Herb:

I believe it is cuss-to-Mary for all big men to congratulate the president-elect. So if you've got any place to put some more congratulations, here's about ten cents worth that you can have free gratis for nothing, by gosh.

And now, Herb, if you've got your supper et and the cat fed and your feet washed, let's you and me sit down here on the edge of your bunk and indulge in some conversation.

In the first place, I want you to cast your lookers around over these Benited States and behold the fearful wreckage you have wrought. Why, man, it looks like the destroying angel had passed over, and every political house that didn't have Hoover's picture in the window went down with a great crash. Say, Herb, what in the name of Adam's grandpap did you mean by such a shine as you cut? Just nacherly swiped up the whole creation and didn't leave hardly a smell for Alcohol Smith and the pope. Just a tater patch in New England and a piece of the Busted South—that was all you were willing to leave for the great moral crusader who fout SO hard to save us from the wicked clutches of the preachers, the Anti Saloon League and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. You doggon greedy hog! Ain't you ashamed of yourself for treating poor old Alcohol so low-down nasty mean? Looks like you could have been satisfied with the lion's share; but you had to go and take the whole mess and sop the skillet.

Of course you know as well as I do that it wasn't the Republicans that did it, especially in the South, kaze there ain't enough Republicans this side of the hot place to pile up such a victory. It was the anti-Smith Democrats that put you over so big. And they are just as tickled about it as an old maid is when she ketches a feller. They are smiling like a basketful of possums and looking as satisfied as a Methodist preacher with his belly full of chicken.

But oh, golly, Herb, you just ought to see the Smith crowd. They are going around here with faces long enough to eat oats out of a churn, and looking like the rag-tag end of a blind nigger's funeral.

Al said during the campaign that he had raised a great moral issue. Yes, he did, and then got under it like a fool, and it shore mashed the dumplings out of him.

THEY DID DIE IN VAIN

Here, then, is the beginning of the next chapter, eye-gosh! And I will take for my text the November 10 issue of The Pathfinder, Washington, Dee See. The first thing about this particular copy of The Pathfinder that caught the attention of my lookers was a picture on the front page showing a great number of white crosses that mark the graves of World War soldiers. In front of the crosses stands old General Pershing, and beneath are the words, "They Have Not Died In Vain." Well, boys, we would like to believe it. But—

Just over on the next page begins a long and hair-raising article headed, "How the World's Future Battles Will Be Fought." And it goes on and tells at great length all about the newly-invented weapons of war — the bombs and the poison gasses, the airplains and the submarines, and all the new-fangled ways of killing that have been developed since the World War ended. It goes on to show that not only the fighting forces but the entire civilian populations will be exposed to the horrors of the next war, and how they will be trapped and killed like flies when cities and bombed and gassed from the air. It is a horrible picture that the writer draws, and to make it still worse he quotes opinions from men of high standing to prove that another World War bigger and worse than the last one is almost certain to break out within the next few years.

Rub the dust off of your specks and take a good peep at the following "opinions" as quoted from some of the Big Guns of both civil and military life:

War is only four years away.—Major General Ely.

There are war clouds on the horizon.—Secretary of War Davis.

There will be another great war within the next fifteen years.—Marshall Foch of France.

Europe will sooner or later war on the United States.—Thomas A. Edison.

It is too much to suppose that war has been banished. — President Coolidge.

It makes me despair of my fellow men when they discuss the possibilities of another war with as much indifference as they discuss a football game. — Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador.

The chances of preventing war are faint.—Wickham Steed, British editor.

The world is on the verge of another war because it is thinking of war instead of peace. — Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

And many more quotations of the same kind could be added. Everybody that watches the trend and pretends to do any thinking is bound to agree that it looks that way.

But how do all these war preparations and rumors of wars harmonize with that lying and hypocritical statement that "they did not die in vain?" The soldiers and everybody else were forcibly fed on patriotic bull and solemnly assured that there would never be another war after Kaiser Bill was hung and burnt and gutted and otherwise disfigured and then shot to hell from a cannon.

It was all a miserable military lie, and the bloody-handed sword-rattlers knew it was a lie when they told it. And now the same set of patriots-for-profit are doing their durndest to start another wholesale slaughter, and of course the same old patriotic lies will be warmed over and used again.

The Kaiser was hung. Oh, yes! He was burnt. Oh, yes! He was gutted. Oh, yes! Go to a certain palace in Holland and ask the nice old gentleman you find walking around there how he got that way. Go to London, to Paris, to Berlin, to Tokyo, to Rome, to Washington, and watch the nervous and hurried preparations for the next World War. And then go and stand before the white crosses in France and tell the poor dead soldiers that they did not die in vain! Have you got the gall to do it?

THE COW

Here is a cow
Eating grass in the meadow.
I stand close to her head
And rub her warm damp nose
With my hand.
Looking into her patient, pleading eyes,
I say to the cow:
"O cow, you are better company
Than some people.
Cow, you are decent—
Your breath smells good.
A man came to my house
This morning
And wanted to talk politics.
He insisted on poking his face
Right into my face
When he talked.
And his breath—oh, Mooses!
It smelled like a glue-factory
Struck by lightning.
O gentle and meek-eyed cow,
I am very thankful indeed
That you don't smoke cigarettes,
Nor chew tobacco,
Nor have a fermented stomach,
Nor talk politics.
Cow, may I stay here with you
And read you some poetry?

No Place to Stop

Statistics show that people these days are living to a much greater age than formerly. Centenarians are getting so common now that we don't think much about them any more. There has been a good deal of guessing and speculating about the cause of this lengthened life-span, and The Fool-Killer is now able to announce the true answer to the question: People have just naturally got to live longer now in order to keep the installments paid up on their cars. What would the world think of a man who would go and die before he got his hoss-wagon paid for? We've got to find a stopping place before we can die, and we're all in such a hurry that there's no place to stop at.

A Sermon on Progress

The Fool Idea of Mere "Bigness" Gone to Seed

I have heard that word "progress" so much here lately that I am getting plum sick of it. The word itself is all right, and progress of the right sort is a good thing. But the word has been so badly abused by the professional log-rollers of Big Biz that I can't help turning sorter sick at the gizzard every time I hear it.

All the bonehead newspapers of United Rabbitry are eternally yawping about the phenomenal "progress" that is being made in this, that and the other. And every upstart Rotarian rooter for the god of Material Bigness is continually spouting his cut-and-dried spiel about "progress."

You never did hear the like. And the whole idea seems to be that if we as a nation or as individuals can do something or produce something of a monstrous overgrown physical size, we have a right to strut and brag and look down with pitying scorn on the rest of God's creation.

If we can produce more billionaires than the world ever saw before; if we can rear taller skyscrapers and build bigger sweat-shops, hotels, churches, banks and prisons; if we can organize bigger trusts and combines and get bigger armies of slaves to doing time for rich masters; if we can put over bigger "developments" and get bigger crowds of half-witted fools to rang-tanging around "boom" resorts where sin stalks at midday and decency is forgotten—oh, if we can just do such "big" things as that, then we are making "progress" to beat the very Old Scratch.

These wild-eyed snorting apostles of the god of Bigness never stop to ask whether all their "big" things are worth the room they take up in God's world. They never stop to consider that mere "bigness" can easily become a curse rather than a blessing. As the feller said about the boll on his neck, it may be a big thing and yet not be anything to brag about.

Unless we can get goodness and usefulness and permanent value along with our "big" things, it seems to me that we had just as well be satisfied with smaller things and better things.

Here's how it rattles in my soap-gourd: The more monstrous overgrown big things we have, the less we are apt to have any of those finer and better things which cannot be measured in material bulk. The big coarse jungle growth of material things is sure to smother out the delicate and fragrant flowers of mind and heart—those things that really have a permanent value when given a chance to grow.

Gather up all your captains of industry, all your masters of great wealth, all your politicos and high-flyers, and see how many of them care anything about music, poetry or flowers; about a butterfly or a bird's nest; about a sunset or a babbling brook. Mighty few. They are all buried alive in "bigger" things — things that represent dollars and power.

Here in North Carolina, as in Florida and elsewhere, we are having gigantic "developments," and those who have money are swaggering and splurging to beat the band. They are pretending that their activities constitute the sum-total of human existence and that nothing else matters. But other things do matter. Buried and smothered under this great Juggernaut of "progress" is a world of poverty, sin and suffering; of hungry hearts and starved minds — a world submerged and sick and without hope. The "big" things do not satisfy the common people who have no part in them. They only cause dissatisfaction and disappointment.

They tell us that we have great "prosperity" in this country, and maybe we have. There is plenty of work, and plenty of activity and restless running around. Most of the folks are trying to put on a gay front and bluff it out. But if you could take off the lid and look down into the homes and hearts of the American masses today, you would find more suffering and sorrow, more blasted hopes and bitter fears, than ever existed before.

And yet there is a bright side to the dark picture—if it could only be seen. But Big Church, Big Politics and Big Biz have conspired to keep the common people in the dark, so that they will be humble and obedient slaves.

Reckon why Alabama didn't keep on voting for Underwood?

If you ever run for president, please do not select John J. Raskob as your campaign manager.

Just a few more such elections as this, and a body will begin to have surpicions that this country does not want a wet Roman Catholic for president.

I see where a preacher is quoted as saying that hell is seven times hotter than common fire, and that heaven is the very opposite of hell. According to that sort of figuring it would seem that heaven would be about 300 degrees below zero, and if anybody gets there they will freeze to death.

The average soldier has no country to love,
And therefore he has come to save;
His real estate is all stuck to his shoes—
He don't own enough for a grave.

Many of us live expensively to impress our friends who live also living expensively to impress us.